

The Tragedy of Hamlet

From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
To shew my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward *France*,
And bow them to your gracions leave and pardon.

King. Have you your fathers leave? what sayes *Polonius*?

Polo. He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my slow leave,
By labour some petition; and at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.
I doe beseech you give him leave to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces; spend it as thy will.
But now my cousin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more than kin, and lesse than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightred colour off;
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*.

Doe not for ever with thy vailed lids

Seeke for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st 'tis common all that lives must dye,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seemes it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems Madam, nay it is, I know not seems,

'Tis not alone my inkie cloke could smother,

Nor customary fures of solemne blacke,

Nor windie suspiration of forc't breath,

No, nor the fruitfull river in the eye,

Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,

Together with all formes, moods, shapés of griefe,

That can denote me truly; these indeed seeme,

For they are actions that a man might play:

But I have that within which passes shew,

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To give these mourning duties to your father.

Prince of Denmark

But you must know your father

That father lost, lost his, and

In filliall obligation for some

To doe obsequious sorrowes

In obstinate condolement, i

Of impious stubbornnesse, 't

It shewes a will most incorre

A heart unfortified, or mind

An understanding simple an

For what we know must be,

As any the most vulgar thing

Why should we in our peev

Take it to heart? fie, 'tis a fa

A fault against the dead, a fa

To reason most absurd, whose

Is death of fathers, and who

From the first coarse till he t

This must be so: we pray yo

This unprevailing woe, and

As of a father: for let the wo

You are the most immediate

And with no lesse nobility o

Than that which dearest fat

Doe I impart toward you for

In going backe to schoole to

It is most retrograde to our

And we beseech you bend yo

Here in the cheare and com

Our chiefeft Courtier, coufi

Que. Let not thy mother l

I pray thee stay with us, goe

Ham. I shall in all my bef

King. Why 'tis a loving a

Be as our selfe in *Denmarke*

This gentle and unforc'd acc

Sits smiling to my heart, in

No jocond health that *Denm*

But the great Cannon to the

But